

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 19, 1907.

No. 15.

The Departed.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

THEY left her sleeping with the clay
Beneath the rose-red heart of dawn
And wept that one so fair had gone
From out the promise of life's way.

The roses waved above her head,
The myrtle, like a silken pall,
Crept o'er her grave and covered all,
As a last service to the dead.

The silent shadows fell about,
And from behind dusk's saffron bars;
Adown the gateway of the stars,
The silver shimmering moon crept out.

Gazing upon that lowly tomb,
Moved by a love for one so fair,
She loosed her glorious golden hair
To brighten the deep silent gloom.

So sun and moon and flowers and snow
Guard each in turn her catacomb,
While she is moving in her home
Where the unfading fair ones go.

The Twelfth Night.

[FRA ANGELICO—BURNE-JONES.]

IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09.



THE Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood means more to the world of art to-day, demands wider attention and greater respect from an unprejudiced public, than it did a half century ago in the struggling days of its incipency; yet it would seem that with the death of its stoutest defenders and most generally recognized exponents—Morris, Rossetti, Ruskin, Madox Brown and Burne-Jones—the golden era of its life has passed away, and that it is now in the feeble period of

positive decline. Impressionism as an art-principle has gained so strong a hold upon the modern world that few, if any, among the critics will now be found to deny its legitimacy; and with no one to take issue against it but Holman Hunt, the last survivor of the famous Brotherhood, it bids fair to win the day.

Even though popular sentiment has decreed the death of the Pre-Raphaelite school, there are those—and they are many—who regard its passing with a feeling of deep regret. Much of what is best in modern art must be credited to members of this fraternity, whose basic principle was to represent all things as they really appear, to identify the picture on canvas with the face of nature, not to make a refined copy merely to display clever workmanship.

If any artist adhered strictly to the tenets

of this rather dogmatic school it was Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Every outline, every bit of color, every graceful curve, in his "Marriage Dance," is a replica of something that lay everywhere about him in untrammelled nature, and that lies about us, if we could see it. What a shock this picture must have brought to the painters of the mid-Victorian period, whose conception of the theme would have been so widely different: a stately cortège, an altar all a-glitter with gold and jewels, a high-priest in sacerdotal robes of costly texture, a be-plumed knight in burnished corselet for the bridegroom, and a bride whose modesty would be suggested by a veil of most expensive Valenciennes. Add to this all the other gorgeous conventional unrealities his contemporaries would put into the work, and contrast the composite semblance with Burne-Jones' simple creation. His bride is crowned only with flowers, the bridesmaids dance barefoot; and respecting the bridegroom nothing is known, at least in Ruskin's opinion, or even conjecturable, but his love. This is what our late English painter understood by the Pre-Raphaelite return to nature; it is the creed he practised most assiduously through all his artistic life.

Perhaps no better examples by which to contrast Burne-Jones' idea of Pre-Raphaelitism of the nineteenth century with its real Italian prototype of the fourteenth can be found than the distinct conception of the same theme, the Adoration of the Magi by representatives of the two periods, Fra Angelico and Burne-Jones himself. These two painters may advisedly be called representative. Each lived in the heyday of his school's prosperity, and each adhered scrupulously to its principles; both were animated by different motives, it must be admitted—the one by religious fervor, the other by a love for the beautiful—yet they had in common the gift of created genius; and both were endowed with versatile imagination and poetic invention, though not in equal degree. Making, therefore, due allowance for only relative proficiency in technique on the part of the monk, we can determine, broadly speaking, the superiority of one school over the other by a contrast between the two pictures.

The great quality underlying Fra Angelico's paintings is earnestness. A depth of sentiment and power lie hidden in the fervent attitudes of his not ungraceful figures, so deep, indeed, that we almost forget the lack of expression in their faces. His saints and angels are enveloped in a profound spirituality and a mystical charm that make us feel the intensity of his religious zeal. We can not but regret that such an intellect as Angelico's should be burdened with a hand unable to characterize countenances.

What a wealth of emotion he would have expressed, could he have depicted his subjects with something other than inanity written in their features. How tenderly affectionate would be the pink-and-white stare of the lifeless Madonna in his "Adoration of the Magi;" how noble would be the soulless foster-father; how dignified the inert kings! Balthassar, lying prostrate in the foreground, would not look with vacant eyes at the stable wall rather than at the Infant, and Caspar's wonder—call it veneration, if you will—would not be that of a woman. But when this is said, the most unfavorable criticism of the picture has been made. True, the comfortable stable, with its slate roof and warm brick walls, so smoothly surfaced and so nicely plumbed, the belated star of Bethlehem over St. Joseph's head, and the richly embroidered mantle of the Virgin Mother, are somewhat incongruous, still they are justified by the current artistic conception of the theme. The lavish expenditure, too, of gold leaf on halos, friezes, mantles and a background for the picture, should be overlooked for the same reason. A golden setting and a sprinkling of gilt through the painting was a convention of the time inherited from the Byzantine school.

A lack of light and shadow effect must be passed over without comment. All, or nearly all, the artists prior to Raphael displayed feebleness of workmanship in details, due no doubt to the primitiveness of their craft.

Consider now how the pious persons who had always been accustomed to see their Madonnas dressed in scrupulously folded and exquisitely falling robes of blue,

with edges embroidered in gold—to find them also enthroned under arcades of delicate architecture, with elegant bronze-clasped missals on their knees, or with arms modestly folded over their breasts—would accept a work like Burne-Jones' "Worship of the Magi," a work that did violence to the popularly accepted religious and artistic conception of the time. Small wonder, then, that stormy criticism assailed the master and his productions, particularly his "Worship of the Magi," characterized by one rabid critic as "a sacrilegious desecration." The utter guilelessness, the burning enthusiasm, the godly fervor of the monk are wanting to the Pre-Raphaelite picture, it is true; but in place of Angelico's ardor we note an exquisite attention to technical detail, a careful arrangement for artistic effect, but withal, the simpleness of everything, and the painter's love for the beautiful.

Because he was natural, it must not be inferred that Burne-Jones was a realist. On the contrary, with Rossetti, whose style he copied for several of his earlier years, he formed the romantic element of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; inclining rather to idealism and abstract beauty, as is shown in his "Golden Stairs," his seven "Days of Creation" and his four "Seasons," even to the extent of the symbolic figure in the painting of the "Worship of the Magi," than to realism. He sacrificed nothing to poetical effect. In the faces, expressions, attitudes of the figures, in the tone of coloring, in the foliage even and in the branches and trunks of trees, observe the wealth of painstaking detail.

But there is something other than unqualified praise to be said of Burne-Jones as well as of Angelico. His "Worship of the Magi" is not altogether faultless; several prominent imperfections are almost glaringly patent. The foremost of the kings, for example,—in fact, might we not include them all?—looks in on the scene with curiosity, not reverence; his piercing glance approaches skepticism in its sinister intentness. St. Joseph, also, who has evidently been gathering wood for a fire,—a not unwise thing to do, if we consider the small shelter afforded by the poetical stable—has both the attitude and expres-

sion of a spy. Were we to take him out of the scene and ask a critic whom he thought the individual might represent, we would very probably get the opinion that it was a picture of Judas. There would be ample justification, too, for such judgment, because the character does contain the sunken cheeks, the shifting eyes and the closely hooded figure commonly associated with our idea of a traitor.

The chief fault, however, is neither of these: it is rather the introduction of a tall angel into the centre of the canvas and a be-jeweled crown of modern design at the feet of one of the kings. The offense becomes gross in Burne-Jones where it would not in the Dominican, because of the radical doctrines he followed. Besides, there is no occasion for the presentation either of a crown or of a stately angel in the most prominent part of the picture, unless the artist feared for his technical skill that he could not make the scene sufficiently dignified and sufficiently spiritual without a supernatural being and an emblem of royalty to strengthen the effect. If that was the reason, Burne-Jones displays a remarkable lack of self-confidence. As a capable actor refuses the aid of orchestration to help out a tragic scene, so also should an artist reject in his work all elements that would give the observer a conscious sensation that they were brought in to add effectiveness to the picture.

These, in a cursory way, are some of the general characteristics and shortcomings of the two canvases. A synthesis of both, if we judge according to the canons promulgated in the *Germ*, would surely body forth the ideal workmanship of the true Raphaelite; it would combine the passionate sincerity and spiritual perception of the painters before Raphael with that incalculable quality which would blend the surpassing technique and the personal inventiveness of the Pre-Raphaelite of the nineteenth century.

"IN our thrifty populations of merchants, manufacturers, politicians, and professional men, there is little sense for beauty, little pure thought, little genuine culture; but they are prosperous and self-satisfied."

Varsity Verse.

WHEN M. O. COMES TO STAY.

OH, folks may laugh about M. O. and say they wished I dropped it,
 But while I'm Mayor I'll do my best to have this town adopt it.
 We're losing moning every time we board a private trolley;
 It's time the people should wake up and see their awful folly.
 You ride to work in winter time a-freezing on the platform,
 Or else the car's as hot as—well—you don't wish to be that warm.
 The smile upon that passenger is something hard to beat
 Who entering a street-car says: "Behold an empty seat."

Our street-cars rightly put to use will prove a perfect treasure
 Instead of charging car fare, why, we'll all ride free for pleasure.
 Why men come back from Europe and write books to let us see
 How owning all the street-car lines is bound to set us free;
 How "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John," and all those horrid grafters,
 Will fly fore'er our city hall or hide amidst its rafters;
 How crowded tenements will go, and homes of brick and mortar
 Will spring up in some country spot or some suburban quarter.

Just think of all the blessings that this M. O. plan would bring:
 We'd ice our cars in summer, we'd wall-paper them in spring.
 Just think of all the dividends on watered stock and shares
 Which we could spend in furnishing our cars with rocking-chairs.
 The wealth that now so swiftly fills some corporation pocket.
 Within the public treasury I, Edward Dunne, would lock it.
 Oh, I know a score of evils you can bet I haven't missed 'em,
 And everyone of them we'll cure if we adopt this system.

W. J. D.

THE BOILS.

A little boy
 A rag around his neck
 Who looked as though
 He had gone through a wreck.

I met a little city boy,
 His hands were black from toil.

"What is your name," I asked, "my lad?"
 He answered, "Jimmie Boyle."

"Ah! Jimmie boy," I pray you tell
 "How many Boyles are ye?"
 He looked at me in deep surprise
 And stammered, "four and three."

"Sisters," I said, "how many, lad?"
 His eyes were sparkling blue,
 "Just eight," he answered smilingly,
 "And brothers only two."

If sisters eight and brothers two,
 Ye Boyles must be eleven.
 He held his hand upon his neck
 And said, "No, we are seven."

"For telling fibs like that," I said,
 "You'll never go to Heaven."
 The little lad, my doubt to check
 Tore off the bandage from his neck,
 And said: "No more nor seven."

T. E. B.

Only a Card.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

After a vacation of over a year, my friend Low, the great private detective, and I, his assistant, have returned to business. It seems good to get back into the game once more, for it gives one enough to think about. Thousands of unsolved cases have piled up during the past twelve months, and it is Low's aim to unravel all of them, if that lies in his power, for he holds himself responsible to do the work he claims to have neglected because of his lengthy vacation. Some weeks ago we were seated in our apartments, now in Essex Street in Chicago, when a visitor sent up his card.

"John Hohenstepher," Low read.

"Do you know him, Dick, or have you ever heard that name?" he asked, addressing me.

"No, Frank; I do not believe so."

Turning to the butler.

"Is he respectable looking?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, then, send him up, and always be careful whom you admit, for I have received several threatening letters lately."

"In a few moments a middle-aged man appeared before us. His hair was tangled all over his head and very long. He was evidently a German.

"Mr. Hohen—"

"Hohenstepher is my name, and yours, I believe, Mr. Low."

"Yes, and my friend, Dick Blair. Be seated."

Our visitor slowly unbuttoned his overcoat and seated himself. He looked at me critically and hesitated.

"He's all right," Low said. "Dick here is my assistant and has worked with me for years."

"Very good. You know one must be careful. I have heard of you, Mr. Low, and because I think you are the man who can help me out of my present dilemma I have come here this morning to see you. I am a musician, in fact have been in that profession since I was six years of age. You, a reader of character, know of course that our temperaments are high-strung and nervous. I can not explain why; but that is our trait. I live over in the Shennendoah Flats where I have resided some three years. Every man, no matter what his profession, likes to know that he is admired, and I am no exception. Now to the real story. A few months ago as I was about to leave my apartments I noticed a card upon the floor, and just out of curiosity I picked it up, and it read simply, 'I love you.' I admit I was flattered, even elated, so I decided to save the card which I tossed into my desk. The following morning another card containing the same inscription and the same handwriting lay just where I had found the first one. I wondered who could have put it there, and even admitted to myself that I should like to meet the party, for I judged it was a woman."

"Just a moment. Have you any of the cards with you?"

"Yes," and he thrust his hand into his pocket and produced quite a number of them.

"All right. Continue your story," said Low as he took the cards and laid them upon the table.

"Well, the same thing has happened each morning for about two months. I did not mind at first; but I became annoyed when the thing continued, so annoyed, in fact, that I watched last night in order to catch the party who delivered the cards and refused to make herself known, and that is what spoiled it all. I first turned out the lights in the room in order to make the intruder believe I had gone to bed, and then lay down on a couch behind a screen in

which I had made a small aperture so as to be able to watch all that took place within the room. I did not hear or see a thing until about twelve o'clock, and then all of a sudden there upon the floor lay the card. I was dumfounded. I immediately turned on all the lights and made a thorough examination, but found absolutely nothing. I am sure that no one had come into my room, for my dog lay asleep in the adjoining room, and he always awakens at the slightest noise. That is about all the information I can give you."

"Is the card always found in the same position?" asked Low.

"It generally lies near the door."

"Very well. That will be all, I think. We shall call upon you, say one-thirty this afternoon."

"All right. Good day, gentlemen. I trust you shall be successful in solving this thing, for it will drive me out of my head if it continues much longer."

Low studied the cards for some moments after our visitor had gone, and finally offered three of them to me with: "See what you can find."

We remained in thoughtful study for some time, and it was Low who finally spoke.

"What do you say, Dick?"

"I think the man was right. It looks like the handwriting of a woman for one thing, and another observation is this: the handwriting is the same, although there is an attempt to disguise it on all three cards."

"I agree with you in the last point, but not in the first. I take it to be the handwriting of a man."

"But what could a man—?"

"Not time for questions yet, Dick. We will first have a look at his apartments."

One-thirty found us at the door of our client's rooms in the Shennendoah Flats. We received an answer to our knock and entered:

"He will not hurt you, Mr. Low," Mr. Hohenstepher said as a very large St. Bernard got up to meet us. And then to the dog. "Lie down, Izzy."

"He's a dandy," Low remarked. "Where did you get him?"

"My friend Jaeger gave him to me about three months ago."

"Well, now to the purpose of our visit," Low said as we had taken off our overcoats. "I shall first examine your rooms."

There were three rooms, and we examined each with great care. We looked in wardrobes, under beds, tables, in fact, in every nook and corner in the hope of finding an entrance to the room from the outside. Low tapped the walls and the floor, but found them solid. We examined the doors, thinking there might be some method of slipping a card through them from the ceiling, but there was not a thing wrong. Everything was as it should be, and Low seemed greatly disappointed. He turned to Johan and asked:

"Are you very successful as a musician?"

"Yes, very."

"Now put this card where you have usually found it."

When this was done Frank merely said:

"It could be slipped under the door from without." He then put another question.

"You have found this card only in your sitting room?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Mr. Hohenstepher, we have seen enough. We shall be here this evening, say about ten o'clock."

There was nothing for us to do but return to our apartments, which we did. We had found no clew at all except the cards, which Mr. Hohenstepher had given us.

At ten o'clock we were again in Suite B. We took our place behind the screen after first assuring ourselves that the card was not then on the floor. We turned out the lights, but had our dark lantern ready. We waited some hours, and nothing save our breathing broke the silence. We were becoming disgusted with ourselves, thinking we had been taken in by a man who might have a greater imagination than he needed, when suddenly Low turned the lantern towards the middle of the room, and there in full view lay the card. We had not seen a thing, nor heard a sound. How long the card had lain there we did not know, for we were not expecting it to appear so suddenly and quietly. We at once turned on the lights and rushed into the next room. In our haste we almost stepped on the sleeping Izzy who lay a little to the side. We examined

everything in the room, but nothing was wrong, and we were entirely baffled. In disgust we went home.

"I guess we have got a case this time, Dick," said Low as we got back to our apartments. We can not do a thing but watch that place, for we have absolutely no clew as yet except the cards. If we are not successful to-night I shall have to start on a different policy. I guess we had better turn in, for it is near three o'clock. The same evening at ten we were again at our post in the Shennendoah Flats. "I'll watch that door, Dick, and you watch the middle of the room," were all the instructions Low gave.

Just as the tower clock struck twelve, Low and I shouted: "Look," in one voice, and upon the floor lay the card. There had not been a sound, but it just seemed to appear supernaturally. We sprang from behind the screen and in an instant had the lights on and were in the next room. "It flew in from this room, Dick," Low said. We searched everything and everywhere, but all was as it should be. Suddenly Low turned to the dog, and in madness, because he had been baffled, I thought, picked him from off the floor. His hide tore, and before us was a man.

"Tell your story, and be brief," Low said.

The man was quite flushed and finally stammered:

"My name is Jaeger. John had been taking my glory from me, so I attempted to drive him insane by this method. Had I been able to get him out of the way my glory would have returned. The dog knew me, so it was easy to get rid of him at nighttime and lie in his place when no one was around. That is all."

"Your frankness is the best part of you. You have done no one any harm yet, but might have ere long. I shall let you go on two conditions. One, that you win glory hereafter by honest means, and the other, that you give \$500 to charity."

The man promised, and from his manner Low judged he meant to keep his promise. My friend dismissed Jaeger, who before going instead of saying "Thank you," merely said: "Don't tell Mr. Hohenstepher; he is my best friend."

As They Are in Nebraska.

ROBERT SALEY, '08.

"Look at the rubes," said my friend pointing out of the window, as the long vestibule train came to a stop at a little village in central Nebraska. I glanced up from the novel with which I was passing the time, and there upon the platform of the diminutive wooden station which appeared to be the centre of the hamlet of half a dozen houses, stood the two "rubes," or, to speak more kindly, two who lived the "simple life," two of that great multitude whose chests swell with pride when they are told by the Fourth of July orator that they are the most independent people on the face of the earth. The man held in his large, rough hand an enormous red carpet-bag such as might have been considered fashionable fifty years ago. The woman held her husband's arm with all the fervor of a bride. As they stood looking with unconcealed admiration at the great panting locomotive with its long string of bright yellow cars, their faces beamed with contentment. Although they were far past middle age, it was obvious, however, that the present experience was a new and novel one for them.

The man was a typical old-fashioned farmer. His clothes were tight-fitting and wrinkled, his shoes large and unpolished, and his grey hair and uneven beard showed—but why go further? He was one of the type so familiar to us all, one of those who in their younger days come to town bedecked with a shining rubber collar, a red, white and blue necktie, and a beautiful celluloid button-hole bouquet.

When the conductor shouted "All aboard" they climbed on, and by the time the train had left behind the little village, they were seated in the forward end of the car. No boy was ever more delighted with a ride on a train than these two old folk who, if the secret be given were on their first journey. They watched the houses, the hills, the streams which flitted past.

The man was loud in his praise of the cars, their speed and the passing farms separated from each other by lonely country

roads. His wife was nervous and uncomfortable in her Sunday clothes. She feared lest John would not be at the station to meet them, and kept warning her husband not to forget their umbrella or hand-bag when they left the train.

The conductor came through the train for tickets. The old farmer reluctantly gave up the two long, bright-colored slips which he held in his calloused hand. Then in a low voice and with a serious look on his wrinkled face he spoke to the conductor. It was impossible to hear what he said; but one could easily see it had been something unusual for the train-man covered his mouth with his hand and came back through the car, virtually exploding with laughter. But it was too good to keep. He sat down beside me.

"Well!"—he could make no headway with his experience for some time by reason of the comic associations it brought to his mind—"well, that couple beats anything that I ever saw on a train. I have been a conductor now for twenty years, and in twenty years a conductor is asked some mighty silly questions; but I was never before asked a question quite as bad as that. What do you think? The old man said they were going to Chicago and wanted to know on which side of the train to get off. Talk about your 'green ones.'"

"Do you think," I asked, "they will be safe in a city like Chicago?" Won't they be in great danger of being robbed?"

"Danger? nothing! They will be as safe as a penny in the bottom of the sea. Why, if a 'bunco-man' saw that couple he would think they were two 'wise-guys' with some new-fangled advertising scheme. They're safe enough." And he went on through the train with his gruff call of "Tickets, please."

"To strengthen the will, to invigorate the mind, to correct and refine the taste, to balance and confirm the judgment, and to inure the body to bear labor and pain—to this the educator devotes his thought and care."

"PASSION blinds and misleads, but it is the fire which gives warmth and vigor to thought and action. The aim therefore is not to weaken it, but to bring it under the control of reason."

A Comparison of University and Industrial Methods and Discipline.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. FREDERICK W. TAYLOR,
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF
MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.

The point from which I view college education is that of the employer, not that of the educator. I have had no experience with the difficult and complicated problem that faces the professors and the governing boards of our colleges. On the other hand, I have been engaged for years in organizing the shop, office, and commercial management of quite a wide range of engineering and manufacturing establishments. This has brought me into intimate personal contact with a large number of college graduates, and I have become well acquainted with their strong points, which are many, and at the same time with a few of those points in which it would seem that, as a class, they might be improved. And in what I shall say I have principally in mind the preparation of young men for success in commercial, engineering and industrial enterprises; in other words, enterprises outside of the four learned professions.

I despise the pessimist who sees nothing but the defects and blunders of mankind; and the scold, whose pleasure it is to complain of all things as they are. Let me say at the start, that without question, our college graduates, as a class, represent the finest body of men in the community. And as to the value of an engineering course for men in our profession, it has been shown through carefully gathered statistics, that within a few years after graduation the college educated engineer far outstrips in position and salary his average competitor who comes up from the ranks.

It would be a much more congenial task to dwell upon this view of the profession, but something may possibly be gained by considering what has seemed to many of the friends of our young graduates to be the one defect which they practically all have in common:

For a period of from six months to two years after graduating they are, generally speaking, discontented and unhappy. They are apt to look upon their employers as unappreciative, unjust, and tyrannical, and it is frequently only after changing employers once or twice and finding the same lack of appreciation in all of them, that they finally start upon their real careers of usefulness.

On the other hand, the attitude of employers toward young graduates is fairly expressed by the following written instructions given for the selection of quite a large number of young men to fill positions which presented opportunities for rapid development and advancement. These instructions were to give the preference, first, to graduates of technical schools; second, to the graduates of the academic departments; but to employ no college boy who had not been out for more than two years. Why is it, then, that these young men are discontented and of practically little use during the first year or two after graduating?

To a certain extent this is unquestionably due to the sudden and radical change from years spent as boys almost solely in absorbing and assimilating knowledge for their own benefit to their new occupation of giving out and using what they have for the benefit of others. To a degree it is the sponge objecting to the pressure of the hand which uses it. To a greater degree, however, *I believe this trouble to be due to the lack of discipline and to the lack of direct, earnest, and logical purpose which accompanies, to a large extent, modern university life.* During the four years that these young men are at college they are under less discipline, and are given a greater liberty than they have ever had before or will ever have again.

As to college discipline, it can not be a good training for after life for a young man deliberately to be told by the university authorities that he can flagrantly neglect his duties sixty times in one term before any attention will be paid to it; while, if in business, the same young man would be discharged for being absent two or three times without permission.

And, as to the freedom offered by the modern university system, it is not true that boys from eighteen to twenty years old have the knowledge and experience necessary to select a logical and well-rounded course of studies, and even if they had this wisdom, the temptation to choose those studies which come easiest is so strong that it would be unwise to throw upon them so great a responsibility. Nor does it appear wise to leave each student free to study as little or as much as may suit him, at times doing practically no work for days, and at others greatly overworking, with no restraint or direction except the round-up which comes twice a year with examinations. At the least, *it must be said that in commercial or industrial life this undirected liberty will never again be allowed them.*

During the past thirty years two radical changes have occurred in educational methods. The kindergarten and its accompanying ideas has come for the children, and for the young men has come the change from the college, with its one or two courses carefully selected and rigidly prescribed by the faculty, to the university with as many different courses as there are young men, and in which, under the elective system, each student is given the choice of all of his studies.

The fundamental idea back of the change from college to university is excellent; namely, that of providing a far greater variety in the courses to suit the different tastes and abilities of the students, and especially to prepare them for their future occupations. Accompanying, however, this great step in advance, and yet, so far as I can see, in no way logically connected with it has come the false step of giving our young men in many ways a greater liberty than is allowed, on the whole, to any other class of active workers; and of handing over to them the final decision in a subject most needing a master mind.

Commercial, manufacturing, and other enterprises, in which many men co-operate, are managed more and more by delegating all important decisions to a few men whose judgment has been trained through long experience, study, and observation in those matters which they are called upon to decide. Yet many of

our universities are managed by giving over to the young man, under the elective system, the final decision as to what studies will best fit him for his life's work, although he has, of necessity, but the vaguest idea of the nature of the subjects which lie before him. It is almost like asking him to lift himself up by his boot straps.

I can not but think that in changing we have modeled largely after the English and German universities, which, as we know, are influenced in their management by traditions handed down through several hundred years; and that in adopting the great university idea of a variety of courses, we have at the same time blindly accepted the foreign idea of the elective system accompanied by a lax discipline, both of which are better suited to medieval times, when each man worked for himself, than to the present day when the road to success lies through true co-operation. In this change, also, too great stress has been laid upon those elements leading to knowledge or book learning on the part of the student and too little upon the development of his character.

The kindergarten also, which has proved so great a help in training the younger children, making them observant and giving them a certain control over themselves, has brought with it one idea which has wrought great harm, and yet this bad idea is in no way properly or logically connected with the underlying principles of the kindergarten.

Somehow the average kindergarten child gets a firm conviction that it is the duty of the teacher to make things interesting and amusing, and from this follows soon the notion that if he does not like his studies and fails to learn much, it is largely the teacher's fault. Now, whatever views the parents or the teachers themselves should hold upon the duties of teachers, there is no doubt that the boys should have firmly in their heads the good old fashioned idea that it is their duty to learn, and not that it is the duty of the teacher to teach them.

Along with the kindergarten plan of interesting and amusing children, the idea has taken firm hold in a large portion of the educational world that the child and the young man should be free to develop naturally, like a beautiful plant or flower. This again may be an excellent view for the older person to hold but it is a distinctly bad one for the young man to act upon. He promptly translates the idea of developing naturally into *wishing to do only, or mainly, those things which he likes or which come easy to him.*

Of all the habits and principles which make for success in a young man, the most useful is the determination to do and to do right all those things which come his way each day, whether they are agreeable or disagreeable; and the ability to do this is best acquired through long practice in doggedly doing along with that which is agreeable a lot of things which are tiresome and monotonous and which one does not like. Now neither the kindergarten idea, the university elective system, nor the lax college discipline tend to develop this all important habit in young men. True co-operation, co-operation upon the broadest scale, is that feature which distinguishes our present

commercial and industrial development from that of one hundred years ago. Not the co-operation taught by too many among those of our trades unions which are misguided, and which resembles the co-operation of a train of freight cars; but rather that of a well-organized manufacturing establishment, which is typified by the co-operation of the various parts of a watch, each member of which performs and is supreme in its own function, and yet is controlled by and must work harmoniously with many other members.

It is a mistaken notion that character of this kind needed for successful co-operation is developed by the elective idea of allowing each boy to choose for himself those things which he will do. It requires far more character to do successfully those things which are laid out for one by a wiser man than to do only what one likes; and in modern co-operation, while the work of each man is modified and more or less controlled by that of others, there is ample scope left for originality and individuality. We must remember that of all classes in the community, college boys are being trained to fill some day the position of leaders in the co-operative field. And there is no fact better established than that the man who has not learned promptly and fully to obey an order is not fit to give one.

An examination of the studies chosen by boys in the university academic departments will show that the logic and motive back of about one-half of the students is that of obtaining an easy course, and even the better students show generally a lack of clear-cut, logical purpose in their selection. In their case, the studies are chosen because the young man likes or is interested in the subjects, or because they come easy to him, rather than because they give a well-rounded and balanced course with a distinct logical purpose. The loose, flabby, purposeless courses chosen by fully one-half of the students under the present system furnish but poor mental diet.

Why can not all of the good features of the elective system be better attained by permitting each young man to choose in general the object or purpose for which he wishes to educate himself, and then leave the entire course of studies to the one or more professors in the faculty who are especially fitted to plan a complete and logical course in the chosen field? *Let the young man say where he wishes to go, and let the faculty tell him the road he is to travel to get there.*

As to the object of college life, some boys are sent to the university to learn how to mingle with men, and to form friendships which shall prove useful and agreeable in after life; some go there to amuse themselves, and some to get the standing given by a college degree.

Something can be said for each of these objects. Is not the true object of all education, however, that of training boys to be successful men? I mean men successful in the broadest sense, not merely successful money getters. Successful, first in developing their own characters, and second, in doing their full share of the world's work.

Young men should not come to college mainly to

(Concluded on page 255.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, January 19, 1907.

Board of Editors.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	LOUIS M. KELLEY, '07
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	WM. E. CUNNINGHAM, '07
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07	VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09
LEO J. COONTZ, '07	PAUL R. MARTIN '09
ROBERT A. KASPER, '07	IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09

—It's surprising, to say the least, how fast the seasons hurry by. Just a few weeks ago in a blaze of glory, we put the football man where he belongs, and now we are getting ready for the new comer, the man with bat and mask and glove. What are we going to do in baseball this season? After last year we have to "hit" up a pretty hot pace to keep where we belong. Many of the veterans are back and there is much promising material around.

To the student body in general we would say a word. Let everyone get in and give the Varsity the proper credit and the enthusiasm it deserves. Football season, with one or two exceptions, saw little good rooting. Let us not repeat the disgraceful lack of spirit during the coming baseball season. Support the Varsity, and you can be sure the Varsity will support you. We have said it so many times that we sometimes think it must surely get monotonous, but still it is always more and more true, that not only the actual

men engaged, but the big rooter, the man on the bleachers, who wins with his team and loses with her, who always is with her, is one of the greatest factors in successful teams. So get in this season and be a rooter.

—In the columns of this issue readers will find a reprint of an address given by Frederick Taylor, President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Taylor's Address. It would be wise for every student, classical as well as commercial and engineering, to read this article. Given by a man of the world who is solving and meeting practical problems every day, it should carry some weight. We believe, else we wouldn't print it, that there is a big lesson to be learned from Mr. Taylor's address.

The Preliminaries.

The first series of try-outs for the Varsity debating teams will begin Monday. Unusually spirited forensic battles are expected. Five members of last year's teams are out to hold their places. Never had the men more to work for. One team debates Iowa State University at Iowa city, and the other opens a new series with Purdue University. The Iowans, who last year proved themselves foemen altogether worthy of our steel, are known throughout the West as strong debaters. This will be our first contest in debate with Purdue, though in athletics they have been for years able, honorable and not infrequently successful rivals. The question, one of the most absorbing of living issues, is: Resolved, that the cities of the United States should seek the solution of the street railway problem in private ownership. We have the affirmative with Iowa, and though not all arrangements have yet been completed, it is likely we will have the negative with Purdue. Every man who has entered the race owes it to Notre Dame to do his level best to make one of the teams. Go in to win, not merely "to get some practice in speaking."

(Continued from page 253.)

get book learning or a wide knowledge of facts. The successful men of our acquaintance are, generally speaking, neither learned nor men of great intellect. They are men, first of all, possessed with an earnest purpose. They have a certain all-round poise or balance, called common-sense. They have acquired through long training those habits, both mental and physical, which make them masters over themselves; and at all times they have the firm determination to pay the price for success in hard work and self-denial.

It is singleness and earnestness of purpose that constitutes the great motive power back of most successful men, and it is a notable fact that the moment a young man becomes animated with such a purpose that moment he ceases to believe in the elective system and in the loose college discipline.

In all earnest enterprises which the students themselves manage, they throw the elective system to the winds, and adopt methods and a discipline quite as rigid as those prevailing in the commercial and industrial world.

The boy who joins the football squad is given no sixty cuts a season, nor is he allowed to choose what he will do. He does just what some one else tells him to do and does it at the time and in the manner he is told, and one or two lapses from training rules are sufficient cause for expulsion from the team or the crew.

I say in all seriousness that were it not for a certain trickiness and a low professional spirit which has come to be a part of the game, I should look upon football and the training received in athletics as one of the most useful elements in a college course, for two reasons: first, because in it they are actuated by a truly serious purpose; and second, because they are there given, not the elective idea of doing what they want to, but co-operation, and co-operation, of the same general character which they will be called upon to practice in after life.

Is not the greatest problem in university life, then, how to animate the students with an earnest, logical purpose? In facing this question I would call attention to one class of young men who are almost universally imbued with such a purpose; namely, those who, through necessity or otherwise, have come into close contact and direct competition with men working for a living. These young men acquire a truly earnest purpose. They see the reality of life; they have a strong foretaste of the struggle ahead of them, and they come to the university with a determination to get something practical from the college training which they can use later in their competition with men. They are in great demand after graduating, and, as a class, make themselves useful almost from the day that they start in to work.

Neither their earnestness of purpose, however, nor their immediate usefulness, comes from any technical knowledge which they have acquired while working outside of the university, but rather from having early brought home to them the nature of the great problem they must face after graduating. Nothing

but contact with work and actual competition with men struggling for a living will teach them this. It can not be theorized over or lectured upon, or taught in the school-workshop or laboratory.

I look upon this actual work and competition with men working for a living as of such great value in developing earnestness of purpose that it would seem to me time well spent for each student, say, at the end of the Freshman year, to be handed over by the university for a period of six months to some commercial, engineering, or manufacturing establishment, there to work as an employee at whatever job is given him, either manual or other work. He should have the same hours and be under the same discipline as all other employees, and should receive no favors. Moreover, he should be obliged to stay even a longer time than six months unless he has in the meantime given satisfaction to his employers.

My belief in the benefits to be derived from doing practical, everyday work early in the college course is not the result of a theory. It is founded upon close observation and study of young men who have had this experience, and also upon a vivid remembrance of breakfasting each morning at five-thirty and starting to sweep the floor of a pattern shop as an apprentice some thirty-two years ago, after having spent several years in preparing for Harvard College. The contrast between the two occupations was great, but I look back upon the first six months of my apprenticeship as a patternmaker as, on the whole, the most valuable part of my education. Not that I gained much knowledge during that time, nor did I ever become a very good patternmaker; but the awakening as to the reality and seriousness of life was complete, and, I believe, of great value.

Unfortunately, laboratory or even shop work in the university, useful as they are, do not serve at all the same purpose, since the young man is surrounded there by other students and professors, and lacks the actual competition of men working for a living. He does not learn at college that, on the whole, the ordinary mechanics, and even poorly educated workmen, are naturally about as smart as he is, and that his best way to rise above them lies in getting his mind more thoroughly trained than theirs, and in learning things they do not know. All of this should be taught him through six months' contact with workingmen.

Let me repeat in conclusion that our college graduates are the best picked body of men in the community. Yet I believe that it is possible to so train young men that they will be useful to their employers almost from the day that they leave college; so that they will be reasonably satisfied with their new work instead of discontented; and to place them, upon graduating, one or two years nearer success than they now are; and that this can best be accomplished by giving them an earnest purpose through six months' contact early in their college life with men working for a living, by rigidly prescribing a course of studies carefully and logically selected, and with some definite object in view, and by subjecting them to a discipline comparable with that adopted by the rest of the world.

Oratorical Contest.

Under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Association at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 17, 1907.

RULES OF THE CONTEST.

1. Each university, college, or other school belonging to the Intercollegiate Peace Association may be represented by one contestant who must be a bona fide student of the institution he represents.
2. The orations must deal with some phase of the general subject of international arbitration and peace.
3. The orations must not exceed two thousand words in length.
4. Typewritten manuscripts of the orations, without the name of the writer or of his school, must be in the hands of the secretary of the Intercollegiate Peace Association not later than April 10, 1907.
5. The number of contestants who shall speak at the contest is limited to eight. If more than eight institutions enter representatives for the contest, the eight receiving the highest ranking on their manuscripts will be entitled to speak at the contest.
6. The manuscripts will be graded on a scale of 100 by the judges on thought and composition. The speakers will be graded in like manner by the judges on delivery. The final rank of the contestants will be determined by the sum of the ranks given by the judges, according to the rules laid down in the constitution of the Interstate Oratorical Association.

Three prizes will be awarded as follows: First Prize, \$75.00; second Prize, \$50.00; Third Prize, \$25.00.

ELBERT RUSSELL, *Secretary*.

610 National Ave.,

Richmond, Ind.,

Wm. P. Rogers, Dean Cin. Law School, President.

Athletic Notes.

Those of you who read this dope will please forget that you read the same last year and will prepare for the coming season by forgetting that the track men are "now running in grand form and will be ready to carry away all the points in the state meet when the time arrives;" you will also forget, if you please, that the baseball men are slowly rounding into shape and will annex another Championship banner for Notre Dame; the pitchers will soon be twisting the sphere in and out of the air and shooting them up so fast that no one can see them; the heavy hitting outfielders and

infielders will at the same time be tearing the cover off the ball with their mighty bats. You will then please forget all this, and remember that there is no news now and that prospects "must furnish the sporting editor with material to fill these columns." So do not look for anything startling or even interesting for at least two or three weeks, and even then it will be a matter of opinion and much discussion as to whether the "news" will be interesting or startling.

Prospects—there is the first one—for a track team this year look good, twenty men responded to Coach Draper's call. Among the old men to report were: Keefe, half and quarter miler, Donovan, the speedy relay runner, Scales, high hurdler and high jumper, Casper, O'Connell and Keach sprinters, Beacom and O'Flynn weight men and Bracken sporting editor. Around these men Draper hopes to build a track team that will take Notre Dame back into track athletics in the state at least. The new men are counted on to do things this year; in Smithson Coach Draper has a sprinter who is touted as a wonder; he ran second to Kelly, the western champion, who broke the world's record for the 100 yard dash last summer; he has a record in the high hurdlers and 220 yard dash that is far better than anything in the state, and if he can come up to his reputation he will be able to carry away the state meet by himself. In Boyle there appears to be another point winner; he has a good record in the pole vault and has done ten feet in practice already. Bervey, Dolan and Wood look to be good for some points in the weight events. Manager Draper will arrange indoor meets with Purdue, Indiana, and Wabash to be held some time during the next two months, so if there are any track men floating around the school they will please report at the Gym Monday afternoon at three o'clock.

Prospects—that is the second—for another championship baseball team are good. Capt. Waldorf, Sheehan, the heavy hitting outfielder, Brogan, third base, Bonnan, outfielder, Perce, the slab artist, and Cooke, sub-catcher, are all that remain of the last year's team, but the wealth of new material that is on hand insures a first-class team. In

Curtis, Waldorf has another Johnnie Murray, in Dubuc, a wonderful pitcher, in Scanlon (a brother to the famous Brooklyn star), a catcher and outfielder, in Boyle, a second baseman, and in McKenna, another good infielder. Then, there are any number of men who look to be baseball goods and who will develop. Of last year's second string, Tobin, Keefe, Hogan, Heyl, Roach, McBride, McIntyre, and several other men who made good on various hall teams are out and will make somebody go some to beat them out of a place on the Varsity.

"Jimmy" Callahan, of White Sox fame, has found it impossible to accept the position of baseball coach, as his own team in Chicago demands all of his time. It was the intention of the management to get a man this season who could remain with the team throughout the entire college season. For the past two years Harry Arndt of South Bend and St. Louis Nationals handled the future greats and proved to be a good man, but he is compelled to leave the team early occasioned by taking the training trip with the St. Louis team. Although nothing has been done in the matter as yet Arndt may be engaged again this year. Lou Creiger, catcher in the Boston American team, is also under consideration.

*
**

As usual, Corby is taking the lead in hall teams, having played two basketball games already this year.

*
**

Manager Draper is endeavoring to arrange an eastern trip for the baseball team, and from the present outlook it looks as though the deal would go through.

*
**

The result of the conference ruling has declared Bracken ineligible for next year's football team, this past year being his third. Likewise does the hammer fall on Waldorf.

*
**

Since starting this, Manager Draper has informed "ye scribes" that the first track event will very likely be with Michigan "Aggies" at Notre Dame on March 2.

The Social Whirl.

BY E. PERCIVAL SNOR.

Maybe this is not the place for it, but it seems to me a word should be said. The debates are on, and from what I can gather on the campus there are not too many enthusiasts floating around. It's a shame and too bad. There are many good men who are not going in. Who is going to win for us against Purdue? Fellows, Purdue isn't De Pauw, and the second team we send down there must be a good strong one. Then, too, Iowa needs watching. I believe the Hawkeyes went away a bit mad last time and swearing vengeance this year.

*
**

Griffin and McNamara have come back to the old haunts and everyone is glad to see them. They have brought home startling news about some old friends who left the University some time ago.

*
**

I can not help appreciating John McGill Fox. John is something of a character in himself, and I haven't any doubt but that he will make his mark in the world. It seems to me John gets a good deal of amusement out of the world in general and looks at it sort of grinningly, but then it's a mutual affair, and I suppose it's the prerogative of both.

*
**

Sometimes I've thought I'd like to be a senior, but of late I'm learning. Now take for instance the things a man is subject to. For example, there's the terrible puns Barados Keefe springs. I was passing the table the other day, and Euphie Kenny, the water nymph, ventured that "Wadden would make his mark some day." To the everlasting shame of Keefe he answered: "Yes, a few scratches probably." Now, that sort of thing should be abolished. Then again when Kasper "knew his American History by Hart," he should have been promptly butchered. Such are a few of the seniors I've heard about—of course, and thanks for that—they're not all alike. Young

Perez recognizing an engineer's limitations, wears a C. E. cap and translates it "Conditioned in English," which is a very plausible excuse for the cap, and goes to show the little revolutionist's wit; for to Jocko, "life is a funny proposeeshun, after all."

I'd like to be President of something, some S. P. C. A., etc. If I were I am firmly resolved that I'd have Jim Flaherty upon the carpet every day. Such an original "rough-houser" and general disturbance-maker the University hasn't had for years. Only the other day I heard that he set some philosophy class in distress because of his antics concerning Darwin. His original research into Lotze and K  lreuter may be all right for Jim and very pleasurable, but that doesn't justify his unlooked-for assault on a harmless, unsuspecting class. 24 with a new lock for your theories, Mr. Jim.

Joyce and Fox are both back and the law department is feeling good about it. Not only the law department but everybody in general.

Walter's holidays were somewhat unpleasant. For a part of them he was subjected to an operation on his knee. "The Quintessence of Preciseness" is very well now though and the "rec" room looks quite familiar with him.

Personals.

—Alfred D. Kelly, an old student, has become associated with T. M. Welles in the management of the Minneapolis Commercial Agency.

—Announcement is made of the marriage of Clara J. Focken, of California, Ohio, to Mr. Harry Vincent Crumley (C. E. '03). The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations and happy auguries.

—A distinguished alumnus of Notre Dame, Senator John M. Gearin of Oregon, held the centre of the stage in the United States Senate on January 6th. It was Senator Gearin's maiden effort, but his reputation as an orator had preceded him and aroused great interest. We quote the following

from the *Oregonian* of Portland, whose Washington correspondent writes:

"Senator Gearin covered himself with glory in his speech in the Senate to-day, in which he advocated exclusion of Japanese coolies. He exhibited exceptional ability and charm as a speaker, and presented arguments that were eye-openers even to Senators and to the throngs in the galleries. When the Senate convened at noon, the galleries were crowded to their limit, in anticipation of a lively debate on the Brownsville affair. But Gearin had given notice that he would speak immediately after the close of the morning business to-day, and senatorial courtesy demanded that he be heard, notwithstanding Foraker and Lodge were eager to resume the fight over the negro troop issue.

"It was an exceptional compliment to Gearin that the galleries remained packed throughout his two-hour speech, and still more of a compliment that the Senate, not filled when he began, was completely filled before he had spoken 15 minutes, and Senators who came in stayed to the end of his speech. Never in the memory of the oldest employe in and about the Senate has any new Senator heretofore delivered his maiden speech to a full Senate and to galleries packed and jammed. On the contrary, the Senate usually exhibits the utmost indifference to maiden speeches of new Senators; and older Senators, to exhibit their disapproval, usually retire. The reverse was true with Gearin.

"Gearin began as if arguing a case in court; as he warmed up and launched into the body of his argument he became so remarkably eloquent that orators, like Lodge and Beveridge, moved close by and followed every word, visibly impressed by what was said and how it was said. It was noted that the diplomatic galleries, scarcely ever occupied, were completely filled. As he retired, Senators showered him with congratulations, and applause was manifested in the galleries.

Needless to say, every Notre Dame man is proud of Senator Gearin, who is as lovable in character as he is gifted in mind. The Senator has kindly promised to visit his *Alma Mater* soon and to deliver a lecture to the students.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

MORGAN V. WARRINGTON.

This case was tried at a recent session of the Court of Chancery. The solicitors were Messrs. John W. Sheehan, Palmer McIntyre, Edward J. Arvey, Walter L. Joyce, John H. Rogers and Edward P. Carville. Mr. James V. Cunningham served as clerk. An injunction was sought to prevent the removal from the complainant's land of a summer house built by the respondent under a license from the former owner of the property. The arguments of the solicitors on either side were creditable, and the citation of authorities evidenced diligent research and careful discrimination. Chancellor Hoynes presided, and the decision rendered follows the

Statement of Facts.

It appears that early in January, 1903, the respondent, Alfred Warrington, of South Bend, purchased a tract of three acres of land on the shore of Hudson Lake, a body of water situated near the western boundary of St. Joseph County, State of Indiana. Two or three months afterward he built a cottage on the property, intending it for the use of himself and family during the hot weather of July and August. He told his friends that he designed to make it his home during the summer months and invited many of them to visit him there and partake of his hospitality. In May, however, when the cottage had been completed, he discovered that his ground was not as eligibly situated as he had supposed with reference to accessibility to the lake. This was due to shallow water and deep mud near the shore. On seeing his dilemma a neighbor, Henry Goodenough, said to him:

"You would better build your boat-house and gymnasium on my place. I have much more land than I need, and it will afford me pleasure to accommodate you in the matter of letting you have, free of charge, as much as you need of my superfluous space." Warrington thanked him cordially and accepted his considerate and generous offer, indicating at the same time a point of land near his own, but extending into the lake some two hundred feet beyond his

shore line. "I would like to build upon and make use of that," he said to Goodenough. "All right," said the latter, "go on!" Within a month thereafter Warrington erected on the place chosen a substantial frame structure. It afforded easy access to the lake and commanded an excellent view of it. Warrington told Goodenough that he and his family considered it an ideal spot for boating, bathing and fishing. He expressed a wish to buy it, but Goodenough answered that it was not for sale and said, "You may occupy it as long as you like under the authority I gave you."

January 5, 1904, Goodenough mortgaged his land to Francis Morgan, who received no notice of the prior license, and knew nothing of the arrangement existing between Warrington and Goodenough. He supposed that all the buildings on the property belonged to the latter. The mortgage debt became due a year later, or in January, 1906. It seems that Goodenough had given Morgan a judgment note and was unable to pay the debt when it became due. Morgan took the necessary steps to enter it of record in court, foreclose the mortgage and buy in the property himself at sheriff's sale. Warrington, the licensee, did not know of the mortgage and was not made a party to the foreclosure proceedings. When he ascertained what had been done, as he did in April, he undertook to remove his summer house. To this Morgan strenuously objected, and now files his bill in equity, praying for an injunction to prevent the removal of the building or further interference with it by Warrington, or others in privity with him.

Opinion.

The respondent built his summer house under a license communicated orally and voluntarily by Goodenough, the former owner of the land on which it is situated. This land adjoins his own, and the house was built as near the boundary line as practicable. It does not appear where Goodenough's house stood on the premises or how much of the lake frontage he used, but his improvements were evidently more centrally located and at some distance from

the place chosen by Warrington for his summer structure. This was used exclusively by the latter and his family, and that fact, together with its somewhat isolated situation, would ordinarily put a vendee, lessee or mortgagee upon inquiry as to its ownership or relation to the land. But this is a dictum, however, and the decision of the case must not rest upon it. It is an incidental fact or circumstance that may aidfully be taken into consideration in reaching an equitable conclusion. The decision must be based upon the law of license, as applicable to real property.

A license conveys no interest in land, and hence may be verbally given. It is not affected by the statute of frauds. It is revocable at the will of either party. It is a personal right and not assignable. The death of either party or a sale of the land puts an end to it.—*Blaisdell v. Railroad Company*, 51 N. H. 483; *Prince v. Case*, 10 Conn. 375. And even the insanity of the licensor would have the same effect.—*Berry v. Porter*, 29 At. 323. Such is the general rule unless the license be coupled with an interest.—*Baldwin v. Taylor*, 166 Pa. St. 507. And the licensee has a reasonable time in which to remove his property after the revocation of the license.—*Barnes v. Barnes*, 6 Vt. 388; *Town v. Hazen*, 51 N. H. 596; *White v. Elwell*, 48 Me. 360; *Desloge v. Pearce*, 38 Mo. 599; *Churchill v. Hulbert*, 110 Mass. 42; *Wood v. Leadbitter*, 13 M. & W. 856.

The case of *Shipley v. Fink*, 62 At. 360 (Md.), is analogous to the one at bar. In that case the owner of land granted a verbal license to another person to construct a building on the property. The building was erected and the land was subsequently sold under a judicial decree, no reference being made to the license. On acquiring title the purchaser claimed a right to the building and prevented the owner from making further use of it. A suit was instituted to determine the rights of the parties, and the court held that while the purchaser could not be compelled to compensate the owner for preventing the use of the building by the latter, yet its ownership remained in the builder, the sale not affecting it in that regard, and that he had a right to remove it, doing so within a reasonable time and without unnecessary injury to the land.

See also *Price & Baker Co. v. Madison*, 95 N. W. 933. And as to revocation.—*Howes v. Barnum*, 81 Pac. 48; *Oliphant v. Richman*, 59 At. 241; *Entwhistle v. Henke*, 71 N. E. 990; *Brown v. City of New York*, 68 N. E. 1115; *Kibbey v. Richards*, 30 Ind. App. 101. While some of these authorities are only remotely in point, yet they are instructive as bearing generally upon the subject of license. Finally, in this case it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the petitioner's bill be dismissed for want of equity and that the respondent be not prevented from removing his summer house.

Local Items.

—Found—A Greek Letter Society pin. Inquire of Bro. Paul.

—The H. M. Co. played here Saturday. So much for the H. M. Co. It had quite a lengthy as well as varied program and gave it to the best of its ability. Perhaps we have a few things to learn about technique, etc., but decidedly, Mr. May's troupe failed to make the desired impression. May himself is somewhat of a wonder, playing a dozen or more of instruments, but he isn't a bit funny, and his attempts at the farcical were pathetic.

—Thursday, January 10, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its first regular meeting for the New Year. The names of two students who wish to be admitted into the club were presented. The program of the evening was opened by Mr. S. Dolan who spoke extemporaneously, giving a very interesting description of the natural beauties of his native state, Oregon. Mr. H. Miller's talk, "The Joys of Being a Negro," contained some sympathetic reflections on the hopeful and cheerful disposition which the poor darkey shows in his sad condition. Mr. P. Depew delivered a carefully prepared speech on the Panama Canal. His purpose was to show the superiority of the canal with locks over the sea-level type. Brother Alphonsus spoke about the Inter-Hall Oratorical Contest, and asked for a large number to enter the Brownson preliminary. He also recited the "Burial of Sir John Moore" and "Ring Out, Wild Bells;" the meeting then adjourned.